

Small Talk

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Small Talk

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Summary

During episode 19. Uzu goes to check on how Ryuko is recovering. He and Senketsu have a conversation of sorts at Ryuko's bedside.

Uzu walked briskly down the halls of the Nudist Beach headquarters, he wasn't walking too fast to make anything seem urgent but he was walking at a pace where he seemed a little hurried to do something. He had just come back from his mission with Gamagoori to save however many humans they could before the COVERS reached them. Now that he was back...

He lightly knocked on the door at the end of the hall before he gently pushed the door open and peeked inside.

"Ah, back again, young man?" Came Sukuyo Mankanshoku's voice from inside the infirmary.

Uzu nodded and slipped into the infirmary, his hand still on the door handle. "How is she?" Uzu asked, his attention held in the direction of where Ryuko was currently lying on the bed.

"She's alright, but she hasn't woken up yet." Barazo Mankanshoku said, crossing his arms thoughtfully over his chest. "The good news is all her injuries have healed, even the one where her heart had been pulled out of her chest." He explained.

Uzu nodded gratefully. "That's good to hear, thank you. I just came to check up on-"

"Why don't you stay and sit with her for a bit? I'm sure Ryuko is tired of having just me, my husband and Senketsu around, I'm sure she could use a new face around here to help make sure she gets better." Sukuyo piped up.

Uzu raised his hand up in a placating manner. "N-No, it's alright, really. I just-" he stopped again when Sukuyo and Barazo stood to their feet.

"Dear, let's go get some lunch." Sukuyo said guiding her husband out of the infirmary. Uzu blanched and moved out of the doorway, stuttering out objections to their leaving but Sukuyo wasn't having it. "Watch Ryuko for us, will you dear?" Sukuyo asked and pushed Uzu into the infirmary. Before Uzu could object, Sukuyo had already shut the door behind her and her husband, leaving Uzu in the infirmary.

"B-But..." With a soft groan, Uzu ran his hand through his hair and plopped down in the stool beside Senketsu. Uzu scoffed beneath his breath, propping his elbow on his knee and resting his chin in the palm of his hand. "Whether you like it or not, we're on the same side, Kamui Senketsu. No need to look at me with such venom." Uzu grumbled to the uniform that seemed to be glaring at him.

Uzu attempted to ignore the upset Kamui beside him and instead directed his attention to the girl in the bed. "How is she?" Uzu asked after a long moment of silence. He kept his attention on the girl before he saw the Kamui, er, nod in his peripheral.

"And you? How are you holding up?" Uzu waited, sensing that Senketsu had slumped in his posture. "That's a no then, huh? Well I can't blame you, we're all pretty concerned for her." Uzu voiced.

He felt the Kamui place his sleeve on him, almost as in surprise. "Er... I can't actually hear you if that's what you're thinking. I can just tell that you're worried for Matoi..." Uzu explained, noticing the way that the Kamui slumped in disappointment and removed his sleeve from Uzu's arm.

A sigh escaped Uzu's lips. "Nod for yes, shake for no." Uzu said suddenly, causing Senketsu to turn to him in what Uzu could only interpret as confusion.

Uzu cocked his head to the side thoughtfully, his gaze stuck on Ryuko's sleeping face. "When do you think Matoi will wake up?" Uzu found himself asking. Senketsu paused before he seemed to figure out what the "nod" and "shake" comment meant from before. The sailor uniform shook, the answer not really surprising Uzu.

"No clue, huh? Hmm... How do you think she's taking it? You know, learning that she's related to Lady Satsuki and Ragyo?" Uzu waited, gauging to see whether Senketsu would shake or nod. He was sure the Kamui wanted to speak or at least wanted his opinion to be heard, but really, Uzu had no control over that. Uzu saw Senketsu shake and Uzu nodded his head in agreement. "Yeah, if I were her, I don't think I'd take it really well either." He voiced.

Uzu mentally groaned. He couldn't stand the sense of doom and gloom in the room, even if everyone was worried about Matoi. She'd pull through, she wouldn't be Ryuko Matoi if she didn't.

"Can Matoi cook?" Uzu found himself asking. He noticed the way that Senketsu seemed rather confused by his question, but the sailor uniform nodded anyway. *Hmm... Wonder what she can cook...*, Uzu thought to himself.

"Does Matoi like sweets?" Uzu asked. The Kamui appeared to be looking thoughtful before it nodded.

Uzu raised his brows in slight surprise. "Really? I never pegged Matoi as having a sweet tooth." Uzu sat up, crossing his arms over his chest as he clicked his tongue thoughtfully.

"Matoi likes fighting, huh?" Uzu asked. Senketsu nodded and Uzu chuckled.

"That's not really a surprise there..." He chuckled. Uzu paused when he felt Senketsu out his sleeve on his arm. "Huh? Me? What about me?" Uzu grumbled unsurely when thoughts of Uzu's fights with Ryuko filled the swordsman's head.

The green haired male shook his head. "That girl still has to have a rematch with me..." Uzu grumbled under his breath and paused, when he noticed the way that Senketsu seemed to light up at the mention of the rematch. "... Is she looking forward to the rematch?" Uzu asked almost hesitantly, but a wave of relief washed over him upon seeing Senketsu nod.

Uzu let the faintest smile appear on his lips as he turned back to Ryuko. "Good, I'll keep that in mind when the COVERS have been defeated." Uzu mumbled as Senketsu removed his sleeve from his arm. Uzu paused in alarm, noticing the way that Ryuko seemed to squirm in the bed, appearing to be in the midst of a bad dream. Her hand that was closest to Uzu

seemed to clutch desperately to the sheets. She murmured incoherently to herself, an almost whimpering noise escaping her throat.

Worried, Senketsu placed his sleeve on Ryuko's hand reassuringly only to have Ryuko shy away from the sailor uniform's touch. Surprised and confused, Senketsu returned his sleeve and looked to Uzu.

The swordsman stuttered, looking between his rival and the Kamui. Senketsu gestured toward Ryuko's hand, the one that was clenching desperately onto the bedsheets. Uzu bit his lip before he placed his hand over Ryuko's somewhat hesitantly. It seemed to calm her somewhat but her whimpering was still heard. Uzu felt his cheeks warm when he felt Ryuko's small fingers slowly wrap around his.

"D-Dad..." Uzu and Senketsu heard Ryuko whimper almost inaudibly.

Uzu bit the inside of his cheek. "... Is she okay?" Uzu asked quietly. Beside him, Senketsu nodded but Uzu could tell that the Kamui was still worried.

With his free hand, Uzu reached up toward Ryuko's face to brush some hair from her face. Before his fingers could get close to Ryuko's head, Uzu stopped himself, willing away the blush that threatened to rise to his cheeks when he remembered that he and Ryuko were not the only ones in the room.

Uzu coughed and pulled his hand back to him, glancing at Senketsu. Much to his relief, the Kamui didn't seem to be paying attention, but it still looked rather worried.

"She's strong." Uzu reassured, "She'll get through this..." He said, his fingers gently and subtly curling around Ryuko's fingers. Uzu grinned gently, noting that Senketsu had nodded in agreement from his peripheral.

FIN.

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